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RAVEN STORY BOOKS

WHITE KNIGHT

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

RAVEL STORY BOOKS

THE

WHITE KNIGHT.

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No. 1870.
CITY OF WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA:
Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

1867.

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MIROQUE, the gallant chevalier,
Proclaimed through all the land,
That Knights who wished his daughter dear
Should battle for her hand.

The day appointed came, and three
Most valiant Knights appeared,
Resolved to win the lovely maid
Who but their coming feared.

No joy she felt; for one there was—
Her own dear lover true—
Who long ago possessed her heart,
As lovers always do.

Attired in silken robes, she stood
Beside the Lord Miroque,
That day within the Castle hall,
But not a word she spoke.

A sweet-toned trumpet blew at last,
Announcing the Esquire
Of Knight Bellefleur, who did that day
Unto her hand aspire.

Next fell upon their listening ears
A deep and awful sound;
The big Esquire it ushered in
Of Chevalier Le Grand.

Upon his heels his master came
The famous giant Knight;
The weapon was a mighty club
With which *he* meant to fight.

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To cap the climax, came a peal—
  A hideous, squeaking din;
And as it died upon the air,
  Another 'Squire stepped in.

And close behind the Master, walked,
  With swaggering step and air,
The great White Knight who'd vowed to win
  Young Rosalie the Fair.

The other lords astonished stood
  To see so little grace;
For, pushing both aside, he bowed
  Right in the lady's face.

The Knights received, the Tournament
  Began with bugle blast;
And towards the damsel's seat, I ween,
  Were many glances cast.

First Bellefleur and the stranger bold
  Engaged in combat fierce;
But neither could, by hook or crook,
  The other's doublet pierce.

Disgusted, then, they dropped their swords,
  And wrestled with a will,
When, suddenly, the White Knight seized
  Lord Bellefleur's sword with skill,

And touched him with its shining point;
  At which he owned defeat,
And left the field, nor dared to look
  At Rosalie the Sweet.

Next entered in with dauntless front
  The Chevalier Le Grand,
And nearly pulled the Knight's arm off
  When he did shake his hand.

And then he bore a mighty club,
  And looked so wondrous tall,
That much against his will it was
  To fight Le Grand at all.

At length his courage did return,
  And valiantly he strove,
Though once his head that club almost
  Into his shoulders drove.

He won at last, and claimed the maid,
  When to his scorn and wrath,
Her low-born lover dared to stand
  Before him in his path.

Once more he fought, but Fate this time
  Upon him chose to frown;
The lover conquered, seized the maid,
  And snatched the Victor's crown.

Then leapt into the throne, which changed
  Into a great balloon,
And mounted swiftly in the air,
  Where it vanished very soon.

Then were the Knights disconsolate,
  And solemnly they bound
Themselves by oath to search until
  The damsel should be found.

That very hour the three set forth
  Upon their pilgrimage,
And many were the ventures strange,
  In which they did engage.

At last they reach the Castle where
  The two had stopped to rest,
And thought with glee they ended had
  Their long and weary quest.

SURGEON

A clever plan the White Knight then
  Proposed, and none said "nay,"
To catch the two before they should
  Have time to run away.

His plan was this: A wardrobe stood
  Against the wall, and he
Stepped in, and gently closed the door,
  That none who passed might see.

He thought to pounce upon them both,
  As they were walking by;
But Fate again did frown upon
  This valiant Knight so sly.

The lover learned who hid within;
  And, knowing magic well,
He sprang upon the top, and waved
  His hand, and down it fell.

Oh! 't was a mournful sight to see
  That wretched Knight creep out;
The wardrobe top had crushed him down,
  And made him short and stout.

His friends, in horror, went with him,
  And begged — and not in vain —
The Surgeon, if he had the skill,
  To make him tall again.

The worthy man procured a stone,
  And rolled him long and well,
Until no one from that time forth
  His sad mishap could tell.

But, oh! for man's ingratitude,
  That he should act so ill;
For, taking to his heels, he left
  His friends to pay the bill.

At length within a restaurant
  He sat him down to dine;
Before him was a plenteous store
  Of bread, and meat, and wine.

But, strange to say, no sooner did
  The Knight begin to eat,
Than piggy squealed, the hare jumped up,
  And all took to their feet.

In great affright, he tried to draw
  The cork from out a flask;
He drew, and drew, but found it was
  An everlasting task.

Great was the clamor that prevailed;
  And never did he dare
To show his saucy face again,
  Or ask for dinner there.

The three resolved that very night
  To give a serenade
Beneath the Castle window, and
  Deceive the lovely maid.

But though the three played well and long
  On flute, and horn, and drum,
The maiden would not make a sign,
  Or to the window come.

At length before their very eyes
  The lover did appear,
And played upon a hand-organ
  A tune both sweet and clear.

The lady to the lattice came,
  And seeing him below,
She sprang into his arms, and then
  The lovers off did go,

And ran for safety to a tower,
  Which changed into a boat;
When, to their wrath, the Knights beheld
  The lovers safe afloat.

But first the White Knight tried to cross
  The bridge, to reach the tower;
But down he fell, and all the stones
  Fell after in a shower.

The giant, then, with good intent,
  Threw down a hook to him;
But, sad to say, their weight was great,
  And so they both fell in.

The three then to a barber's shop
  The maiden went to find,
And saw the lover looking out,
  As if of doubtful mind.

The White Knight, with a razor sharp,
  Did then cut off his head,
And, rushing in, seized Rosalie,
  Who wished that she was dead.

He bore her to his Castle fine,
  And on a pedestal
Put up the head, which all at once
  Leaped up, when all was well.

For the waters rose around the walls,
  And threatened instant death;
And the two sailed off in a mighty shell,
  But the White Knight lost his breath;

For a sea-snake, swimming boldly near,
  Snapped up the wretched Knight;
And all who read, will agree, I think,
  It only served him right.

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